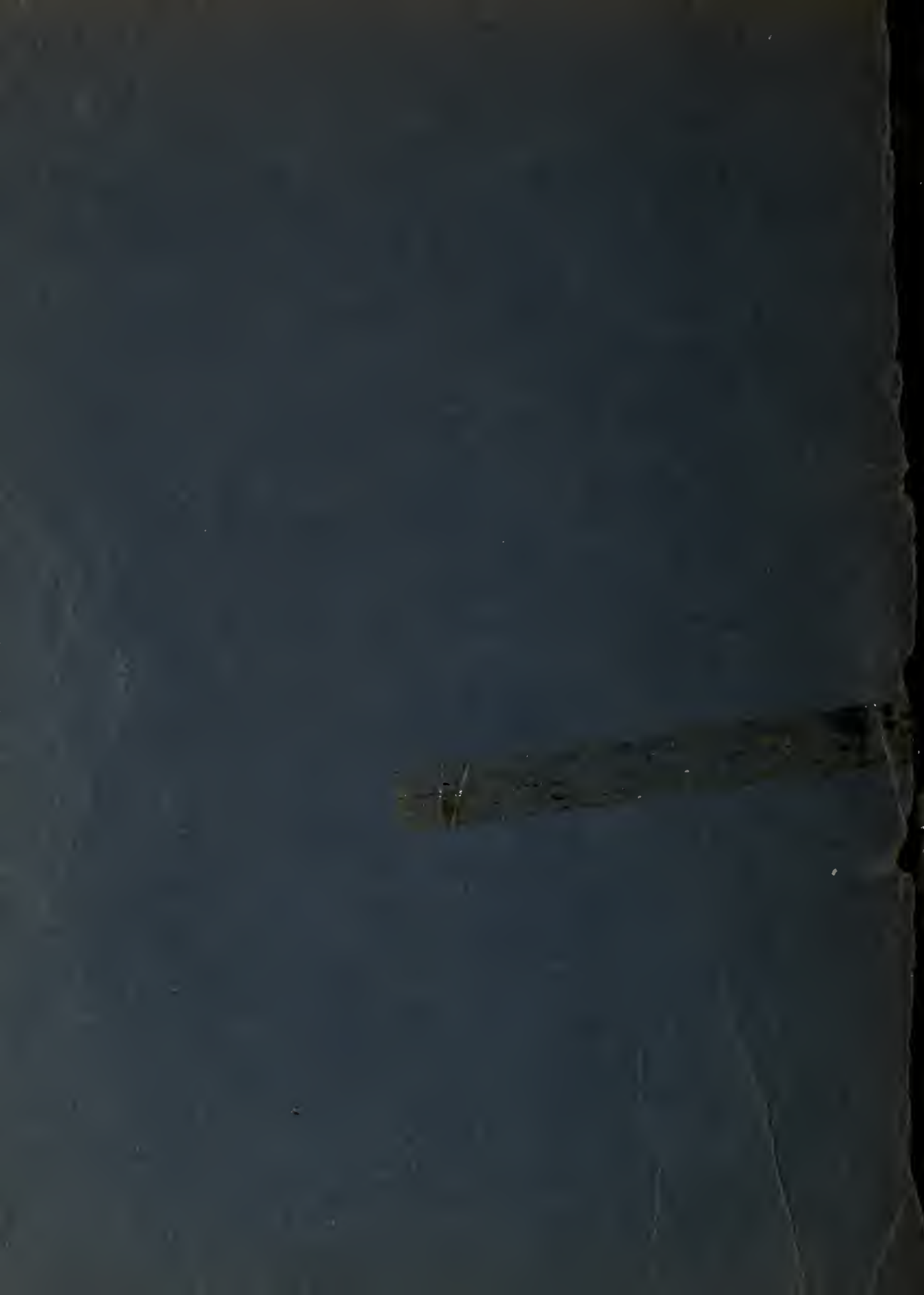


THE GREEN BOOK

No. IV.

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EDITORIALS

Shall We Conserve Campus Day?

Campus day is gone. We have lost our blisters, slivers, thorns, aches and pains. We are back to normalcy. But what about our efforts? Shall they have been in vain? Have we raked up leaves only to scatter them again? Have we filled up holes only to watch a ten-ton truck dig new ones? Have we picked up papers only to make room for more carelessness? Must we sow seed only to have the newborn grass trampled down before it is three days old? Or, have we encouraged the grass to grow and then decided to let it go uncut and unkempt? Will one day a year make our E. N. C. the "Campus Beautiful"? No!! A thousand no's! Eternal Vigilance is the price of Beauty.

Jealous concern administered with care in regular applications to our conduct will go a long way in keeping E. N. C. in good color. Let us warn ourselves - and others, too. Advise gently, but firmly. If opposition is persisted in, report to authorities. Shall we not soon create a morale that refuses to countenance wantonness or destruction, so that when next year's student body arrive they will feel that respect for and proper use of our Campus is an unwritten as well as a written law. Then, and not until then, will our administration be sure that no money expended on our Campus is being wasted.

We will conserve Campus day as students, but wouldn't it be better if we had a man to help us, one who could devote all of his time to this worthy and urgent task?

- Samuel Young -



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GREEN BOOK

OUR ACCOUNT

Time is like a bank account. It is held in the great trust of the universe. Each man is given enough to last his entire life. It is withdrawn moment by moment. Because it is always to be had it is easily squandered. Great is the man who can utilize each moment to accomplish something of value. Foolish is the man who spends it freely and when his account is almost closed regret his wastefulness.

- Blair Ward -

THREE OWLS

Once upon a time a certain hunter went forth to hunt. As he wandered through the woods he came upon three exceedingly beautiful horned owls sitting upon the limb of a tree. The hunter, being a great lover of beauty, did not wish to spoil their feathers by shooting. He began walking around the tree. One of the owls watched every move, and as the hunter walked the owl turned his head. Soon the head of the owl dropped off and his body fell to the ground. The hunter picked it up and carried it home to be stuffed. The other two owls flew safely away.

Moral:- In any public gathering be a wise owl: keep your head.

- Blair Ward -

TENNIS

Of all sports in college these days, tennis boasts the greatest following.

The number of participants in the game has increased by thousands during the last five years. It is a "gentleman's game" too and the language is the most polite. "Service! That was good. Bell, please. I beg your pardon." Seldom is there any discussion over a point; each side is ready to concede its opinion for the good of the game.

Why shouldn't tennis be a popular sport? What better recreation can one find? In tennis the whole body is exercised, and even the mind is kept active.

Besides, there is no horrible "death list" connected with the history of this game.

Our large cities have caught sight of the increasing demand for courts and are quickly providing facilities.

In a few years from now it wont be, "Does he play football?" but "Can he play tennis?"

Can you?

- J. Young -

GREEN BOOK

DO YOU HAVE A GOOD ROOM-MATE?

Associated with every college memory there is the recollection of a room-mate, fond, or otherwise. When one thinks of coming to college his first question is, "Who will be my room-mate?" When school closes and vacation comes, and we live again the good old school days, "Roomy" will be inseparable from our college memories.

To classify room-mates in a general way we might say there are good ones, bad ones, and indifferent ones. Does your room-mate live in one sphere and do you live in another? Do you dislike your room-mate as such? Or do you have the best room-mate in college?

Did you ever think that your room-mate is apt to show the same attitude to you that you do to him? Cicero says that when we behold our friends we behold an image of ourselves. It seems to me that this saying may also be applied to room-mates. If your relationships are not ideal, number one and number two are probably both to blame. Let us then do to our room-mate as we would that he should do to us, and see what a pleasant abode we can make ours.

Thus we may create fond memories for future days.

- Mary E. Jones -

GLASS HOUSES

Sometimes I love to go up into the attic of my memory and see myself as I used to be many, many years ago. I find there, sitting in the cobwebs, a little slip of a girl poring over the yellow, ant-eaten pages of her grandmother's fairy book. I love to sneak up behind her and look over her shoulder and smile at the way she shivers with delight as she puts herself in the place of every heroine. Now she sits among the cinders, now she rides in the pumpkin chariot and now she reigns in the palace. She wriggles her little brown toes in delight and imagines them encased in silver slippers. Once again, she sits on that beautiful glass hill and watches the princes making vain efforts to win her. Ah! here she loves to linger. She would like to live in a glass palace all of her life and have all of the steep glass hills she wanted, full of chocolates, just like those big pyramids in the store window.

The little girl among the cobwebs turns a page and I steal softly away, down the rickety old stairs of the Past and out on the street of the Present. Following the lines of least resistance, I stroll along the street until I am aware that I stand before a familiar building. Swiftly my mind runs back over the stairs and looking over my own shoulder, I compare the two houses. The one in the book belongs to my father the king and is a beautiful structure of glass with many glass hills filled with chocolates. I sit there in luxury on a glass couch surrounded by glass wealth. Now before me is another Glass House filled with chocolates but of a different order. A pleasant face beams at me from behind the large blue letters. Framed in silvery hair, it presents a picture worth looking at. The laughing blue eyes dance, the bare brown arm waves and I can resist no longer. A paper cap sits jauntily on his head and starch clings to his eyelashes like icicles, and he greets me with a

"Hello, there! Awful glad to see you."

My old glass palace crumbles to dust beside this glorious haven. The imaginary, stiff, old king fades before this Monarch of the Starch. My puny glass hills hold very little compared with this never-ending source of sweetness; and probably those chocolates were stale anyway, having been in the attic for so many years.

I take off my wraps, put on my Hoover and set to work on the first job Uncle Bill gives to me; for I enjoy this sunny candy store far more than, as a princess, I could have enjoyed that palace of stale chocolates and glass dust.

- Olive G. Tracy -

WORTH STRIVING FOR

The two had just come out of prayer meeting, and the address of the leader was still fresh in their minds.

"Wouldn't it be nice if every person at E.N.C. would adopt the policy of eliminating slang and vulgarisms from his vocabulary?" prompted Mary.

"Yes, and I'll bet Professor Munro would be one of the happiest folks here if such a thing ever happened. Doesn't it jar her when the boys use slang in class?" piped up Dorothy, trying to show how favorably the talk had impressed her.

"There, Dorothy, you have made two mistakes already. 'I'll bet' is wrong, and 'jar' shouldn't be used in that sense."

"Oh, I do want to break myself of that habit, and I have been trying so hard for a long time. What do you say if we two agree to check each other when we use slang or coarse words in our vocabulary?"

"Fine, we'll try then," rejoined Dorothy happily.

"How easy it is for one to get the careless habit of using slang. I remember when I first went to high school the teacher remarked how particular I was in my conversation and my English work, and she cited me as a good example. As I thought of that the other day, I began to feel ashamed and right then determined to be more careful."

"You are not the only one, Mary, who has neglected her vocabulary and mannerisms. A great many in the school have been just as careless. I for one purpose to correct myself along this line."

By this time the two had reached their room and after throwing off their wraps they settled down to their studies. Silence reigned for a period broken only occasionally by the rustle of pages, the scratch of a pen, or a slight movement of the chair.

"This Trig is hard, isn't it?" broke in Mary.

"And I have such a time getting it, too," responded Dorothy.

"How did you do the fifth problem, Dorothy?"

"Oh, I used the law of sines on three triangles and the tangent on another. It is dreadfully long."

Now and then there were a few questions asked and, finally, in comparing problems both had correct answers.

"Mary, I have experienced what Professor Gardner calls 'The Joy of Combat,'" continued Dorothy, "and it certainly is worth attempting."

"That is just what I was thinking about too," added Mary as she put her books away. "We have raised two standards today that are worth striving for, haven't we?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Dorothy emphatically; and the two girls prepared to retire.

- James A. Young -

FRIENDSHIP

Gravitation, it might be said, is the law of the infinite; it cannot be seen nor can it be understood or comprehended by finite wisdom. It is always in operation. The vast universe with its planets, suns, moons, worlds, and glittering stars is being governed, controlled, and kept in harmony by this great law. Remove the law of gravitation, and the material elements, whereof all things in the universe are made, would lose their perpetual motion, the giant light which runs its unwearied course would roam in forbidden paths, the moon would wander from its beaten way, the seasons would be thrown into disorder and confusion, the winds would cease, the clouds yield no rain, earth and heaven would be defeated, and at last the universe would sink back into chaos.

There is operative in the great human family a law which is as important for harmony and the welfare of humanity as the law of gravitation in the physical or inanimate realm. This law or power may be called friendship.

We may think of friendship as casting her mantle over hamlets, towns, cities, and even countries; linking them together by an unbreakable chain. Yet, when we think of friendship, we think of it in more specific relations. There is a group friendship; it will be found among the working class, the professional people, and also in society; but man is not satisfied with this group friendship. The world is made up of individuals. There is a law which binds individuals together as there is a law that binds the electron to the atom, and that binds one atom to the other. There is in the heart of every individual a longing for true friendship, for a friend to whom he can carry the burdens and griefs or the joys and happiness of his heart. One he can trust. One to whom he can whisper his little or great secrets, with whom he can have confidential talks.

The world is controlled by individuals. Individuals are largely controlled by friends. Friendship molds our characters. To have a great character we must choose great friends. Friendship develops our personality. It is necessary to be with an individual only a short while to find out the standard of friends he has associated with.

I believe the reason there are so many lawless people today, is that there are so many friendless. They are like wandering stars drifting through the darkness and blackness of night. They have broken with the great law which should bind them to their fellowmen. They are out of harmony; their own lives are being destroyed, and they are endangering the lives of others. To have a better world, we must have a greater spirit of friendship. To have the true spirit we must become acquainted with man's greatest friend, Christ.

- C. Ray Hagerman -

THE GOD-MAN

"OUT OF THE IVORY PALACES"
Psalms 45:8

I was blinded by the light. With great difficulty I raised my head and looked, and lo! I beheld One like unto the Son of Man. A voice sweet and low, rippling with tenderness and trembling with love, spoke peace to my troubled soul.

"Fear not, for out of the ivory palaces into a world of woe have I come to meet thy soul, woo it to myself and fit it for my presence."

He turned His head, shining in a light brighter than any noonday. "So! He stands the mighty conqueror, since He rent the veil in twain." Like a cloud of mist rising to the heavens above, the scent of myrrh filled the air. The fragrance of every flower from the plains of Arabia mingled with Cistus, breathed from His garments. Beauty, wondrous beauty radiated from every fold of His robe. Like a king He stood; a loving, exceedingly tender king as one who loved to suffer for his people.

He turned again with a tender expression of sorrow and disappointment. In His life, somewhere, there had been bitterness. The perfume of aloes was wrapped closely about Him. His inner garment was stained with the ointment. The bitterness of the garden, the cross and the grave lay very close to His heart. Oh, that I might carry a bit of the load, share with Him the aloes, the bitter cup and the sin of the world. He stood as the conqueror still, yet His head drooped, His eyes closed and a heavy groan slipped through the dry lips.

Once more He turned and raising His arms gazed into heaven crying,

"Lo! I have overcome the world."

His garments had been dipped in cassia and He stood the Savior, the Redeemer, the Conqueror over sin, death and the grave with healing in His wings.

The vision faded as my Christ turned and again entered the ivory palaces. O God! make me more like Thee. Let me drain my cup of bitterness without a murmur; let me reflect Thy glory in my humble life; let me be scented with myrrh that others may turn and say,

"She lives as one who had seen Him."

Let me through Thy example heal some wounded spirit, restore some broken chord whose vibrations may resound in my ears as praises to Thee. When my cup is full, my feelings stifled and buried, let the fragrance of Thy garments around about me remind me that Thou art ever near to support me in every trying hour.

- Olive G. Tracy -

THE WIDOW'S SON

Jesus had left the Mount of Beatitudes, and had entered Capernaum. Here He met the centurion of unrivaled faith. The next day Jesus went to the beautiful city of Nain.

As He neared the gate of this city, with many disciples and "much people" following Him, He suddenly stopped as if to catch the strain of distant music. He had heard something that those around Him failed to hear. The great Musician's ear was tuned to catch the minor refrain from a grief-stricken heart.

It was an approaching funeral that had caught His attention in spite of the bustling throng about Him. It drew nearer, and presently those beside Him could hear the crying, groaning, and moaning. But He heard through it all the tender sobs of a heart-broken mother. Many friends were there, for both mother and son were much loved. Those of nearest kin were carrying the bier.

When the two crowds met, Jesus focused His attention on the mother. She was burying her only son. Several years before she had traveled the same road behind a similar bier bearing the body of her husband. But then it was different; for her son had been left to cherish, defend, cheer and comfort her. Now, he too was gone. Alone she stood, bewildered, but not rebellious; distressed, but not hardened. To the distressed one Christ spoke with tenderness saying, "Weep not." Then, stopping the procession completely He spoke to the dead. "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." Immediately the young man sat up, though still bound by the grave clothes, and began to speak. Jesus then aided him to reach his mother's embrace.

Mother and son met; the former still sobbing, but this time with joy, and the latter smiling tenderly upon the bowed head that leaned on his breast. The crowd too joined them, but this time praise was heard instead of lamentation, glory instead of gloom. Next they looked for the Deliverer, but He was gone.

- Samuel Young -

GREEN BOOK

"O, JERUSALEM!"

The western sky was ruddy with the glow of the setting sun. The mountainside appeared to be on fire as a group of men began to descend slowly the path which led from the city gate. Two led the way, rough looking men - the kind of roughness acquired through hard toil. Three followed these two while the remaining few straggled behind. In the middle of the three was a man whose face wore the expression of physical weariness. His step was slow yet His bearing was that of a king.

The cool breeze, fragrant with the odors from the oliveyards and vineyards, was wafted to them from the opposite hill. This refreshed the travellers and with quickened pace they pushed forward.

After crossing the brook which threaded its way through the valley, the men began to climb the hill. When they reached the summit the One in the midst turned and gazed long and yearningly on the city just left behind. His silhouette stood out forebodingly against the deepening glow of the evening sky. But the gay throngs rushed on through the city streets unheeding the teachings and warnings of the lowly Rabbi.

Unable to restrain longer the pent-up feelings of His heart, He stretched out His arms to the city and cried, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood, and ye would not". He turned with downcast countenance and slowly moved towards Bethany with His faithful followers.

Dusk fell and night closed in, the figures moved out of sight, the multitudes sought ease and pleasure, - but the beginning of the end had come.

- Elsie C. Gatherer -

THE HOUSE I KNOW BEST

The pink roses arched over the gate invite me to enter and the peonies and the lilies along the walk from the gate to the front steps are also nodding a welcome to me. (In the early spring, before these flowers are in season, tulips, daffodils and narcissus send their sweet fragrance on the breeze to the bees who are gathering nectar from the apple blossoms in the back yard. Then, still later, the air is filled with the perfume of lilacs and in the fall and late summer of dahlias and asters) The wisteria vine hanging from the lattice, entices me to go still further on, to seek rest in the cool shade that it casts on the veranda. The rustic furniture on the porch is crude and very old, but the soft cushions make it comfortable. I could stay here forever!

But, as supper time draws near I retire to the large, old-fashioned kitchen to help the kindest, dearest mother in the world prepare supper. When it is ready we go to the little dining room, now lighted by the setting sun shining through the bay window and the French door that leads to the side veranda. When the meal is over and the dishes are washed we return to the porch to read, sew, or talk until darkness falls upon us. If the air is not too cool we stay here longer while the moonbeams, creeping through the wisteria, cast enchantment upon the place; or if the night is rather chilly we go to the large, low living-room, light a log in the fireplace and talk or tell stories the rest of the evening.

In winter, although the flowers are not blooming, the bees are not humming, and the tall twin oaks behind the house are bare, yet the house and its surroundings still have beauty. The snow covers everything, making it like a fairyland; even now, the rose vine arch laden with snow makes a beautiful entrance. Within, now, the fire is always burning in the fireplace and the books on the shelves about the room are made use of more during the long winter evenings.

This old-fashioned house, surrounded in summer by flowers and in winter by snow, the green hills behind it, and the village below it, overlooking the Hudson as it winds its way to the sea, all are imprinted on my mind. I am waiting for some day in June when I shall go to my earthly home again, and

"----where the twin oaks rustle in the wind--"

"----I'll find perfect peace

Where joys never cease-----

And let the rest of the world go by."

- Helen L. Traut -

LOUISE'S DECISION

"Does any one know where Louise is?" called Helen excitedly.

"Yes, she is packing up her things for vacation," replied one of the girls. Then she went on to the group of girls with her, "What would we do without Louise? She is the life of this dormitory."

There was not a more popular girl in the freshman class than Louise Morris. Every one loved her. She was a first-rate sport, a real student, and always seemed to have time to help a classmate. She was the instigator of the nightly escapades, and the one who could drive away the "blues". Her eyes had a mischievous twinkle, but her mouth and chin were firmly set.

Wednesday afternoon arrived and the college was almost deserted. Farewells had been said, "Merry Christmas" had been wished, and all had separated for the two weeks holiday.

Louise boarded the train for Hamilton. How glad she would be to see Mother and Marie. As the train sped past the dirty, sooty railroad centers, the factories, the small towns and villages, the fields and brooks in the country, she was thinking of all the interesting and exciting incidents that she had to tell Mother and Marie, of her plans and ambition for finishing college, continuing her studies, and some day becoming Professor Morris.

Almost before she realized it, the train was wending its way around the bend, and there were Mother and Marie eagerly looking for her.

Louise was the first at the door, and stepping hurriedly down, rushed to the ones she loved so well. When greetings were over and she looked again into their happy faces, there was an expression there that she had never seen before. What did it mean? Mother's face wasn't so fresh looking as when she went away. There were deep hollows in her cheeks, the wrinkles had increased, there were more gray hairs than she had seen before, and her shoulders were slightly stooped. And Marie looked tired and thin. Something was worrying them. She would not tell them yet of her plans and ambitions.

They walked home from the station. Mother had said:

"A walk in the fresh air will be good for us all."

When supper was over, they gathered in the cozy living room while Louise told about college; and, in turn, Marie and her mother told about interesting events that had taken place in the last few months in the home town.

The next few days were busy and full of excitement with Christmas preparations and celebrations. When Monday arrived, however, they were ready to settle down again to the every day tasks.

About eleven o'clock that morning Louise came down stairs only to find the house in perfect quietness and a note for her saying,

"We will not be home until supper time. We are both at work, Mother".

"Mother gone to work!" thought Louise. "And what can she be doing? And I thought that Marie was working at the store just for the Christmas rush.

Many times during the rest of the day this question arose in her mind. Five o'clock arrived, and soon Mother came, and then Marie.

"How nice it is to have supper all ready," said Mother.

As soon as Louise had an opportunity, she began questioning them. "What does all this mean? You never told me that you were working. Hasn't the money from Uncle Frank been coming?"

"No, dear, but we didn't tell you because we didn't want to spoil your pleasure. You see, Uncle Frank's business has been so poor this year that he has had to stop sending money. We couldn't bear to think of asking you to come home; so Marie has been working at the department store and I have been going out into homes doing housework."

Now Louise understood the meaning of those tired, worn faces, and the reason why Mother and Marie had seemed so economical.

Louise enjoyed her vacation, but not in the same way that she had expected. A big question kept looming up before her - Should she return to college? It didn't seem possible that she could give up her plans.

One morning as vacation drew near its close, her mother said,

"We must talk over our plans this evening."

Louise knew that she would have to work this problem out for herself, and before they met in the evening. She was alone in the house. She had only her conscience to argue with. Was she going back to college while her mother and sister worked hard for her? If she stopped school now, would she ever get back? But why not? Couldn't she work and save too?

Louise finally made her decision, but only after a real struggle.

When they had gathered in the evening, Mother began slowly,

"Well, I hardly know where to begin, but we must decide upon some plans for the rest of the year."

It was now Louise's turn to speak.

"I knew that you both would be tired tonight; so I have solved your problems for you."

Louise then told of the plans she had made during that day. How hard it was to be brave! Mother and sister both remonstrated, but this time Louise had her way and did not suffer with a guilty conscience.

Louise found work until September and then she secured a position as teacher which she held for two years. Mother and Marie had both improved in health now.

Two and a half years after that memorable Christmas vacation found Louise traveling back over the same road to college. She did not have to leave two tired people at home while she was away enjoying herself. And then, she had had a part in earning the money that was making it possible now for her to return.

- Margaret W. Brown -

GREEN BOOK

THE GROUCH

The first time I saw him was at his place of business in the post office nearby. He stood behind the counter marked "Money Orders" and "Stamps". I gave him a ten dollar postal order. He grunted and mumbled under his breath, then asked me if I did not have the exact change. I replied that I did not, and while he was fumbling out the change I looked him over.

He seemed to be about fifty years of age, for his hair looked thin and was almost altogether grey. His shoulders were stooped, and his wrinkled face had a leathery appearance. His small head jutted forward a little and this emphasized his beady black eyes that peered through his rimless glasses. His ears were small and tapered to a point at the lobes. His nose was also small and sharp, and seemed half-hidden by his glasses. His chin was long and slightly crooked at the end, but his two-day-old beard almost concealed this fact from my view. I looked at his eyes again and wondered why such attractive eyes could be so unbecoming; then I noticed that his eye-brows were thin and irregular.

Finally he gave me my money order, handed out my change in a jerky fashion, and looked at me as though to say, "Be sure you bring the exact change next time." Inwardly I said, "I'll try to." But as I walked I wondered what circumstances in life, or what attitude taken could have brought a man into such a disagreeable relation with himself and the world.

And as I pondered, I became less critical.

- Samuel Young -

Psalm 23

(A PARAPHRASE)

I am one of the sheep cared for by Jehovah, the Great Shepherd;
He abundantly supplies my needs.
He lets me graze in luxuriant green meadows;
He directs my steps along the banks of peaceful streams.
Daily He refreshes my spirit;
Because He is the Lord, He keeps me from evil.
Indeed, in the darkest hours
I will not be afraid, for He stands by my side;
His rod and staff support me;
When foes press upon me from every direction,
I sit and eat at His bountiful table.
He has poured precious ointment on my head;
I cannot control my joy.
I will know nothing but delight and pleasure as He cares
for me in life,
And in eternity I will abide in His home.

- Ruth Fess -

THE FACE I KNOW BEST

Never before did I realize how inadequate it is to say, a rather long face, grey curly hair (what there is of it) dark blue eyes, large nose and a firm mouth; in describing father.

When I look into Dad's face, I see something infinitely more than features; I see his very soul. The most impressive characteristic is the look of love from the windows of his soul, - more than the deep regard of father for daughter, - the love of a pal is revealed as well. One who is willing to take me into his joys and confidence, and to whom I can tell all of my girlish ambitions, my secrets, my accomplishments, my defeats, - one indeed to whom I can tell everything that is on my heart. That is the kind of love I read in my Dad's eyes.

As I look again into these deep blue eyes, I see something else which is more than love, yet which is a product of it. There seems to be that look of responsibility, of conscious regard, of protection for the weaker of "the firm", of interest in my welfare and concern for my safety. Safety not only for my body but for my soul. This pleases me and often when I would take a misstep, in my mind, I catch this look of concern in the Pater's eyes and I hesitate. Whatever I do, he must be assured it is right.

Not everything in Father's face is seriousness. How those blue eyes twinkle when we are having fun. We have a great deal of fun together, teasing, romping, reading, working, day-dreaming either by the light of the moon or by the fire on the hearth.

Mine is the ideal father and I love him dearly.

- Mary E. Jones -

KALEIDOSCOPE

MUSICAL SHOES

You have only to sit in the library as classes change to hear the most entertaining concert imaginable, - that is, if you interpret it aright. True, it is slightly disconnected, but if you have a good musical ear you can easily distinguish the separate tones.

The instrument is either simple or complex according to the taste of the individual, but in all cases, they play while in motion. Some may be more skillful than others in the special runs or beautiful scales, yet all harmonize wonderfully.

Musical shoes are becoming very popular at E. N. C. In the dim distance, the high tenor approaches, trembling with emotion, trilling higher and higher until it ends in a short, sharp bark. The contralto takes it up, pitching the tune in a minor as a flurried student rushes to class.

At the next table a steady, deep baritone takes up the air while the walls resound as the bass chimes in. There is a noise like that of a wasp walking on a window pane, a slight rustling of newspapers under the carpet, a soothing, ruffling sound as a tennis player glides by.

The second bell rings. With a grand but rather hurried concluding chord of sharps, flats, and naturals on the order of hash, the concert is over and once more we settle down for the fifty minute intermission between the numbers.

- Olive G. Tracy -

SUNRISE AT E. N. C.

In the east the sky becomes light, and the great dark shadows sneak back to their hiding places.

Houses and trees assume distinct forms and stand out silently against the gray dawn.

In the dormitories the silence is broken at irregular intervals by the annoying sounds of alarm clocks.

The east grows lighter and takes on a fresh, rosy tint. Soon the sun rises out of the quiet sea and the buildings and campus are painted with a clear, mellow gold.

The song-birds awake. Forms emerge from the "Palace" and the "Mansion" and the first of many games of tennis is in full swing.

The loud rising bell rings and completes the work begun by the alarm clocks.

Soon every one is awake and preparing for the tasks of a new day.

- E. S. Mann -

A GATHERING STORM

For hours there had been a sullen stillness. The day was bright and warm.

Now the atmosphere had a sultry, clammy feeling about it, humidity was rising higher.

As evening approached people sat on their piazzas almost exasperated with the heat.

Suddenly, there shot across the sky a gleaming, dazzling light, followed by a crackling, rumbling and rolling noise.

Several times this happened, and then came a pattering noise on the roof. With increasing rapidity the drops became a torrent and flooded around the house.

The storm was on.

- James A. Young -

AN HONORED FACE

Dear to our hearts is the face of our beloved President.

His broad, intelligent forehead, crowned with brown curly hair, which now stands perpendicular and now is combed back; his ruddy complexion, rosy cheeks that any girl might desire; his pleasant mouth with it slight droop in the southwest corner; his straight nose, -- any of these characteristics might be attributed to almost any man.

But just look at his eyes! His personality shines luminously through them. Might it be his glasses that magnify this? No! Just watch him. He listens to a preacher, - now his eyes are twinkling, then serious, again they are forbidding, there they flash, now they gleam, again they look contented, now melting, now pensive, now imperious, but never sarcastic.

His eyes are like a clear blue lake in which can be seen its continual stirrings. The stirrings in his eyes, as in the lake, mark disturbances that often mean much to the student.

- J. Louise Angilly -

TRIVIA

BUSY?

How do you react to a full program? To a heavy schedule?

When you get up in the morning with apparently twice as much work to be done as you seem able to do, what is your attitude?

How do you face the accumulation of work? Do you start one task only to be distracted by the call of other duties, thus preventing you from doing your present work effectively?

Or, are you better able to concentrate your efforts because of necessity?

Do you work better under the stress of necessity? Can you answer one call at a time and keep cool?

If you can, Success is waiting at your door; but her precursor is always Duty.

- Samuel Young -

GREEN BOOK

NIGHT THOUGHTS OF A PUPPY

"Well, this blanket feels pretty good after a long day of being misunderstood. The first thing this morning I was rolled out of bed because I happened to mistake the inside of my mistress's hat for a basket.

I had my first walk this afternoon. Oh my, but I had an afternoon of adventures! Miss Mary took me on the end of a horrid strap, I think she called it a leash. I could have walked much better without it, but I suppose she thought that it would help hold me up if I was tired.

We met a great big dog that was very rude. He told me I was an insignificant little brute. Really, I don't know what that is, but probably he didn't mean to compliment me. I didn't answer him because I knew that my mother would not want me to talk to such dogs.

After that we went to the park, and I tried to catch swans. I nearly drowned myself doing this. A boy fished me out with a long pole, and nearly choked me to death by putting it through my collar.

Miss Mary took me in her arms and cried, and then shook me for getting the front of her dress muddy. Then we came home.

After I was entirely dry, of course I looked around for something else to do. I found the baby's rag doll and - well, I made short work of it to say the least. It was really quite ugly, and I don't see why they punished me for it.

But here I am, put to bed with a dog biscuit, and I just know that that old black cat has a chicken bone."

- Carleton B. French -

GREEN BOOK

TOPICS IN BRIEF

He who eats huckleberry shortcake at E.N.C.
suc-ceeds.

C.E.D.

Do you believe in the signs of the times?
Behold the politics of the Mansion during study hours
and you will be convinced that summer has come.

M.E.J.

Scientists have found that the only way to
manage physical things is to experiment with them,
analyze them and formulate hypotheses about the laws
of their structure and behavior. We wonder how the
faculty manage us.

O.G.T.

If the tennis courts were text books what a
crowded honor roll we would have!

E.S.M.

It is often said "Be good and you'll be happy,
but you wont get your name in the paper very often."
This is not true in rhetoric: for if you are good and
write your compositions well, you'll get your name in
the Green Book more often.

J.L.A.

We wonder who the girls will "rope in" with
their new fire escapes in the coming dormitory.

S.Y.

It is very evident that the person who said
it was impossible to make something out of nothing never
visited the College Rhetoric Class.

O.G.T.

If you want "service" go to the tennis courts.

J.A.Y.

The College girls "dorm" has no bells, but
Sunday morning, May 16, the alarm clocks were used to
good advantage. That is one reason the Hustlers won
the Rally Day Contest.

M.W.B.

Don't cross your bridges before you come to them,
but go fast enough to have some to cross.

R.F.

It is said that certain fur-bearing animals shed
their fur in the spring. We wonder if E. N. C. tablecloths
belong to this species.

A.W.L.

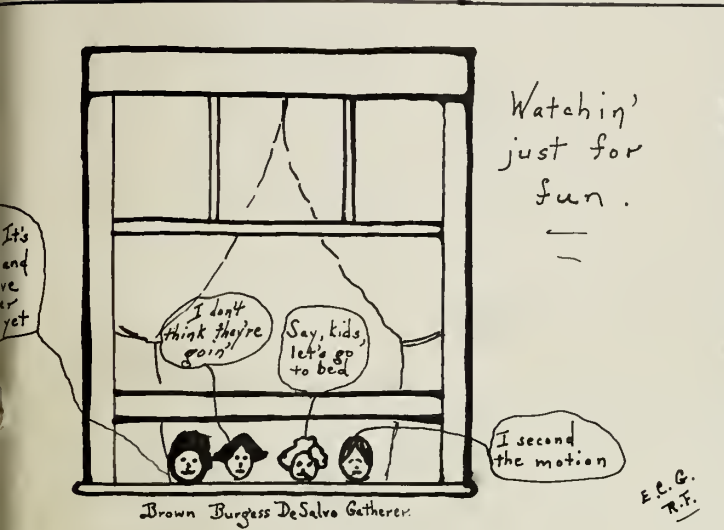
Themes, book reports, collateral reading, the
end of the semester. "I wonder", says the average student.

H.B.W.

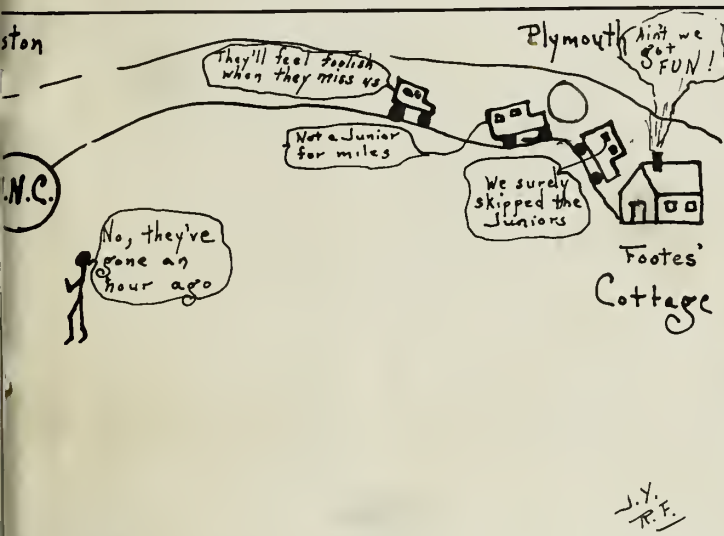
The Rhetoric class has taken "the stump" for
several days. We wonder if it is any indication of the
coming election.

J.A.Y.

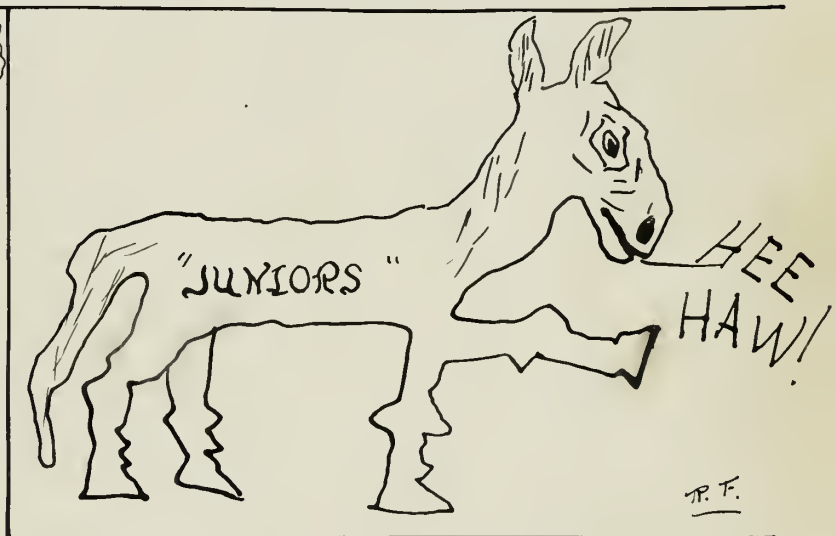
SNEAK DAY



Junior Sympathizers



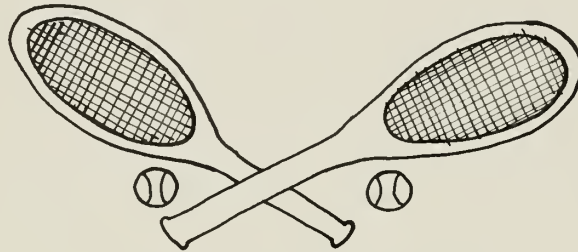
How did it happen??



The Trip

Ensign

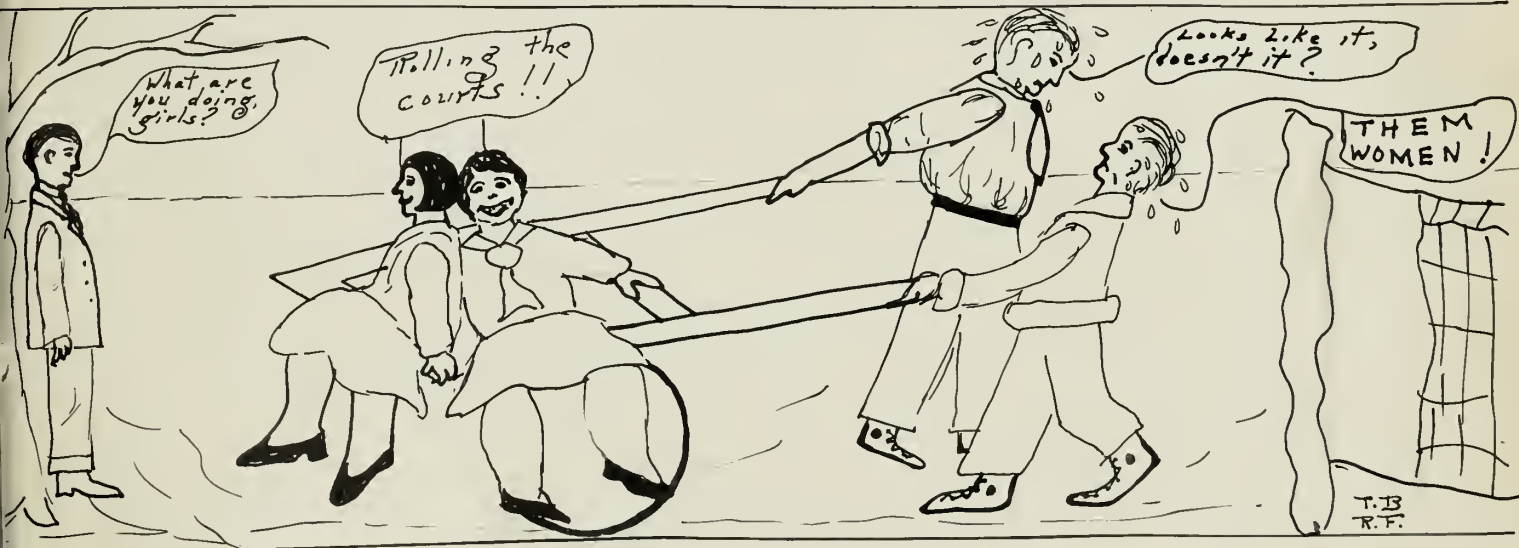
MOST POPULAR SPORT



"In Hoc Signo Vinces"

E.S.M.
R.F.

E.N.C.'s New Coat-of-Arms.



THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE

CAMPUS DAY.



Our Dignified College President



President Nease Arrives Home.

HERE and THERE



E.C.G.
T.F.

When GERMANY
evacuated
(the L for
Assembly
Guests)



C.R.H.
R.F.

It is not the waiter's wishes,
That they should break the dishes;
For it can not be their fault,
When they give a sudden halt,
That the dishes refuse to stay
Where they're put upon the tray.

GREEN BOOK

COLLEGE HUMOR

Time Will Tell

Prof. Nease: What are the most necessary books for a preacher's library? Bible, dictionary, then what?

Chet Smith: A cook book.

A Silly-gism

We go to school to improve our faculties. Our professors are our faculties.

Therefore, we go to school to improve our professors.

A Study in Synonyms

Prof. M: Do I allow you to pass in late papers?

C.E.D.: No, you suffer us to do it.

Let There be Twain

Kind Lady: You wicked boy! Why did you cut that poor little worm in two?

Wicked Boy: Aw, lady, it looked so lonesome.

These Vein Things

Prof. Cowdrey: Another vein enters the liver at the same point. What is it?

Miss Tracy: Theaöorta.

Sounds Suspicious

Miss Angilly (In Zoology Lab.): Oh, he doesn't hold his hand right.

(But she was talking about a frog.)

Not So Well

Passenger: Well, how are you this morning?

Conductor: Fare.

How Romantic

Prof. M: What descriptive words from that scene impressed you most?

H. B. W: Oh! The shadows and the M-o-o-nlight.

The Universal Watch-Word --- Tick!

Famous Sayings of Famous People

Samson - I'm strong for you, kid.

Nero - Keep the home fires burning.

Queen Elizabeth (to Sir Walter) - Keep your shirt on.

Cleopatra - You're an easy Mark, Anthony.

Noah - It floats.

Solomon- I love the ladies.

Armond Rush-Patronize Nautilus Advertisers

Prof. Munro -Do your Rhetoric themes early and avoid a cut in grade.

Do We Know You, Al?

Prof. M: What is another word formed from the Latin do, datum, to give?

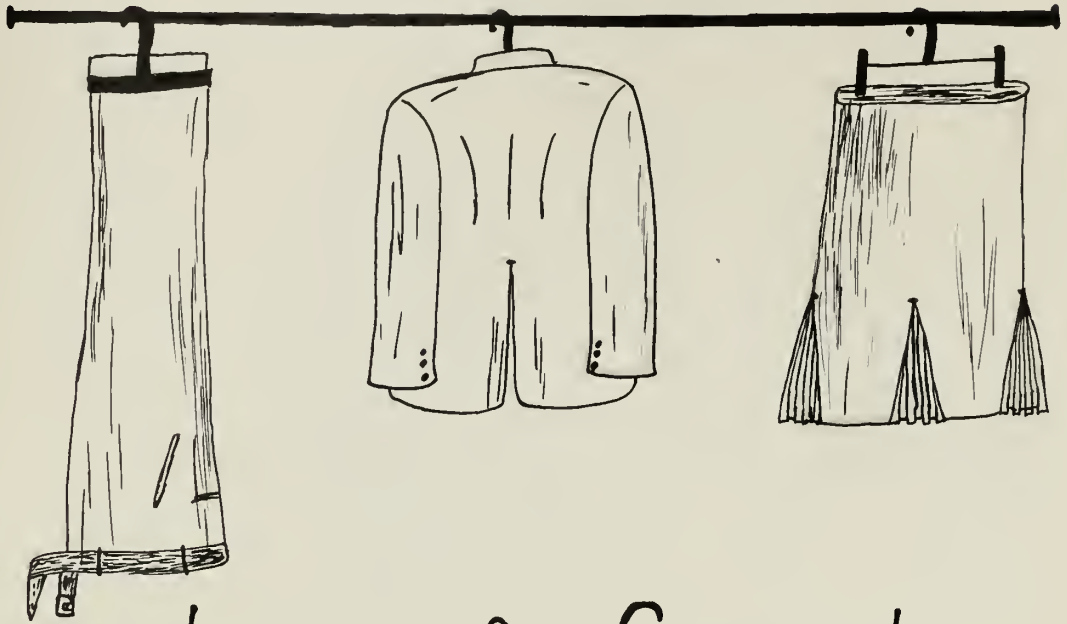
Al Lunn: Date - that's something given, isn't it?

A Problem in Mathematics

Ray doesn't like hard-boiled eggs. If he eats three hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, how many would he eat if they were soft-boiled? Write answer in Roman Numerals.



PRESSING-CLEANING



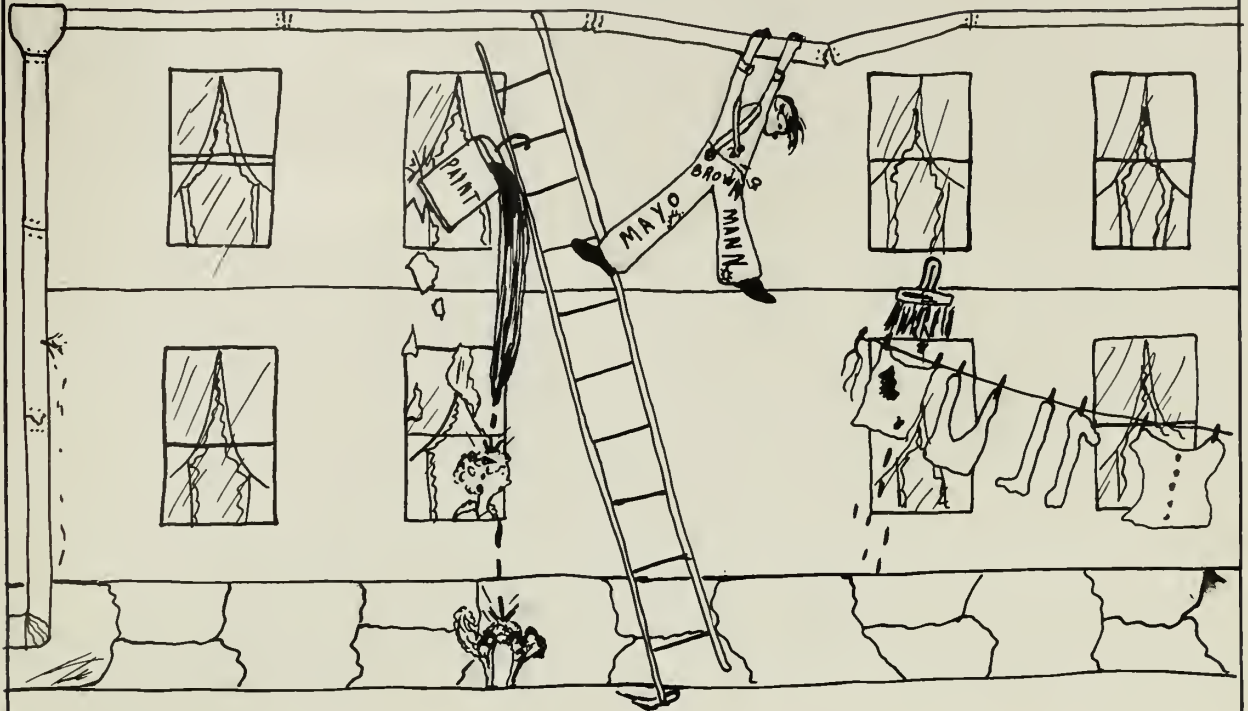
LADIES ^{and} GENTS!

You Should Look Neat For
COMMENCEMENT
Let 'Ben' Doll You Up
He Does It BETTER and
Charges LESS

MR. BEN DOBSON
MANCHESTER

JACKS of ALL TRADES

MAYO-BROWN-MANN



WE'LL WASH YOUR HOUSE
" PAINT YOUR WINDOWS
" CUT YOUR GARDEN
" DIG YOUR HEDGE
" DO ANYTHING THAT
DOESN'T REQUIRE HARD WORK.

Our Motto:

E.M.-T.B.-E.M.

Aliquid Pro Pecunia



THE END OF THE TRAIL

